

NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

**JUNE
1904**

NEEDHAM
Archives
Public Library

PUB. ANNUALLY BY N.H.S.

Safest Companies

Best Contracts

Alfred J. Mercer, *Insurance*

Lowest Rates

Largest Experience

WM. H. WYE

Manufacturer of

Athletic Knit Goods

NEEDHAM, MASS.

SEWING MACHINES

*SINGER, WHEELER &
WILSON AND WHITE*

50 Cents per Week

Five-Year' Guarantee

PHONOGRAPHS, \$10.00, \$20.00

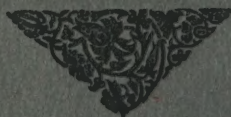
\$30.00 * Easy Terms * Latest Records

BICYCLES, REPAIRING, ETC.

L. C. McCracken, - *The Corner Store*
NATICK

TWIGG, *Druggist*

HILLSIDE FARM



Where the nice Milk comes from

CELLARS, CESSPOOLS, GRADING
PLOUGHING and TEAMING of all
Kinds * * TEAMS TO LET

J. C. Dudley

Highlandville, - - - Mass.

Post Office Address, Wellesley Hills, Mass.



JOHN J. BREAGY	WILLIAM A. TRAIN	INEZ L. FOX	ELLEN J. BUTLER	MARY E. BRION	PERCY L. DODGE
ELIZABETH C. MCNAMARA	MARGARET K. ALEXANDER	GRACE M. MALONEY	Alice J. Foster	S. RAY COOK	KATHLEEN M. MCKENZIE
PETER D. G. HAMILTON		MAURICE L. BULLARD	ETHEL M. JAMESON	ANNE H. CROSSMAN	GEORGE W. SLANEY



The HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOL. XIV.

NEEDHAM, MASS., JUNE, 1904.

PRICE, 10 CENTS

The High School Advocate

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE

NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

Editor-in-Chief

ETHEL M. JAMESON, '04

Assistants

'04

GRACE M. MALONEY

ELLEN J. BUTLER

ANNE H. CROSSMAN

'05

NINA E. AKER

MARY BELL McDOWELL

'06

GLADYS E. POND

'07

OSCAR H. BERTHOLD

Business Manager

MAURICE L. BULLARD, '04

Assistant

'06

FRANK J. STANWOOD

and should feel it his duty to contribute something toward making the ADVOCATE a success, and one of which the Needham High School might well be proud.

EARLY in the September of 1903 we came together to begin the year's work, with an increased force of four teachers. Mr. Loker, Principal, and Miss Shaw, Assistant, were old friends of ours. Miss Wingate and Miss Ambler were strangers, but it was not long before they too were enrolled upon the list of friendship. It is needless to say that one was missing from our former corps—Miss Blanche S. Jacobs, who worked with us faithfully for two years and whose loss we have greatly felt. Our new drawing teacher, Miss Carleton, has done much to increase the interest in this line of school work. The character and quality of the work of our schoolmates show that some of their latent powers are now appearing. To our teachers we extend our most hearty thanks for having tried so hard to help us along the "thorny paths of learning," and to pave the way for our future work toward success.

ALTHOUGH it was our earnest desire to edit the ADVOCATE at least semiannually, it has been thought more advisable, by the powers that be, to have only one edition this year. We hope that the time is not far distant when two numbers a year may be published. Before this can be done, however, more active interest must be shown than is at present manifested. "I can't" is not the spirit that any of us should wish to cultivate. Yet this answer usually meets a request for an article for the paper. Everyone should be proud to have the result of his honest efforts published in the school paper,

"CO-EDS, or One Yard to Gain," was given in the new Town Hall, Tuesday evening, February the sixteenth, by the Senior Class and was "a decided success both artistically and financially, netting one hundred dollars for the benefit of the school library. The play was

prettily staged and well acted. It was a credit both to the players and to Mr. Loker, under whose direction it was produced." We also wish to extend our thanks to Dr. S. O. Fowle and to Mr. William Courtenay for their kind assistance.

The following was the cast of characters:—

Kate Randall, a matchmaker	ELLEN J. BUTLER
Sally Saunders, her friend	MARY E. BRION
Louise Van Orsdale, a rooter for Wellesley,	MARGARET K. ALEXANDER
Sophia Primrose, a woman of sentiment,	ETHEL M. JAMESON
Ralph Gaylord, captain of the Needham	
Football Eleven	PERCY L. DODGE
Jack Turner, his chum	MAURICE L. BULLARD
Mr. Trix, a divinity student	JOHN J. BREAGY
Mr. Hicks, an out and out sport,	PETER D. G. HAMILTON
Mr. Knix, a dapper young dude	GEORGE W. SLANEY

ON the evening of January the fourteenth the members of the Junior and Senior Classes took a sleighride through the Newtons. The merry party was accompanied by Miss Wingate and Miss Ambler, whom we advise all classes to take with them in the future, for they made most excellent chaperons.

THE teachers this year have continued to very kindly offer their assistance to those who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity.

Mr. Loker has given every Monday afternoon; Miss Wingate, Tuesday; Miss Ambler, Wednesday; and Miss Shaw, Thursday.

FOUR years ago, when the Class of 1904 entered the High School, it numbered more than thirty, but as time went on one after another of its members withdrew, until now the Senior Class consists of seventeen. It will be one of the largest classes ever to graduate from this school, and we hope that in the coming years the classes may steadily grow larger. The electric car lines have certainly tended to increase the number of the school, which is growing larger every year. The complete commercial course, which has just been added, will doubtless create more interest for a high school course, and prove most beneficial to the school in every way.

IN MEMORIAM.

MICHAEL JAMES GILFOIL,

N. H. S. 1891.

Born Aug. 27, 1873,

Died Oct. 2, 1903.





Literary

Nicotiana

Translated from the German by Alice J. Foster, '04

A STOUT landlady, attired in a snowy white apron, stood before the door of the forest inn. She had her left hand on her hip, while with her right she made a shade for her eyes, out of which she looked sharply to see whether there were any guests coming from the city. But there was not a soul in sight on the road which led up the hill through the waving, ripening grain. It was a sultry summer afternoon, and perhaps the townspeople were afraid of the slate-colored clouds which towered over the wooded hill like a huge mountain.

The disappointed landlady was just about to return to the house when a small figure became visible in the corn field, walking toward the tavern. The newcomer was a young lad, of about fourteen years at the most. He wore a colored cap on his curly brown head, and flourished a cane in his right hand. Gravely saluting her he went in, looked for a shady spot in the garden back of the house, and ordered beer.

The landlady brought what was asked for, and saw with a smile how her guest, with great pomposity, fastened together a long tobacco pipe and filled it. The pipe was adorned with col-

ored tassels, and King Gambrinus was represented on the porcelain bowl. The landlady set the foaming beer mug on the table, and said, "Your health!" Then she left the boy alone with his pipe and beer mug. This was just what he wanted. He took a hearty draught, then propped his elbows on the table, and smoked like a chimney. While he was sitting there, delighting himself in the clouds of tobacco which rose and cleared in bluish-white streaks, a manikin came before him, as exalted as Zeus on his throne in the clouds.

Just then a most beautiful blue circle rose from the pipe. But it did not dissolve, as usually happens, but condensed to a misty coil, and grew larger and larger. Then the cloud parted like a window curtain, and there stood before the astonished lad the neat form of a girl about three feet high.

The child wore a pretty light-brown dress, and on her brown locks a diadem of amber. On her shoulders she had a pair of wings made out of cigarette paper, and in her hand she held a tobacco plant in blossom. The pretty little maiden courtesied, and the lad politely doffed his cap. Then she opened her mouth,

and said: "I am the tobacco fairy, Nicotiana. My lord and master, King Canaster the Yellow, sends me to you. You have to-day for the first time rendered him a burnt offering, and the smoke from your mouth has gone up to him. He sends you his greetings, and summons you to appear before his throne. If you are willing to follow me, I will escort you to his court."

The boy was a stout-hearted lad, and the adventure was wholly to his taste, so he said, "Yes," without hesitation, drank his beer, and declared himself ready to start. "Perhaps you have a chariot at hand, drawn by dragons, Miss Nicotiana?" he asked.

"No, that is not necessary," replied the fairy. "As you see, I have wings, and as regards you, that is easily provided for. Just seat yourself astride your pipestem, and take hold of the tassels like the reins of a horse. That's right. Now take care and don't lose your balance. Are you firmly seated?"

"Yes, Miss Nicotiana."

The fairy flourished her flower stalk, and sang:—

"Der Schulbub' zum Rauchen noch nicht reif,
Stiehlt seinem Vater die Tabakspfeif'
Und ergotzt sich selbe
Hinter der Stadtmauer
Bei einer Pfeif' Tabak."

The mockery vexed the young lad and he would have preferred to dispense with the adventure altogether, but the resolve came too late. Like a soaring crow, the tobacco pipe, on which he sat astride, rose and on they went through the air like a gust of wind. The fairy flew ahead, showing the way.

At first the rider held on bravely, but when, by chance, he looked down upon the earth and saw how the forests and meadows, cities and villages glided by below him, he began to feel dizzy and clung convulsively to his pipe-tip.

"Oh, abominable adventure!"

On went the mad aerial rider, farther and farther, higher and higher. Then they came to a stratum of clouds which were clouds of tobacco, as indeed could be judged by the smell.

"We will soon be there," said the fairy, "just take heart!"

Forthwith, they went on into the smoke so that our adventurer thought he would suffocate. Trembling and quivering he closed his eyes. Then his leader called out, "Stop!" Like a trained horse the tobacco pipe stood still with its rider.

The poor boy opened his eyes. Before him on an immense roll of tobacco sat King Canaster. His face was tanned like a smoke-colored "meerschäum"; his robe was yellow; on his head he wore a crown of carbuncles which looked like living coals, and between his teeth he held an immense tobacco pipe, the bowl of which glowed like a blast furnace.

"Welcome!" said the king to the stranger, who could scarcely stand up for dizziness and anguish. "A high honor awaits you. I have chosen you for my pipe-stopper."

With these words Canaster the Yellow seized the trembling boy by the hair and held him suspended over his smoking pipe-bowl. The tortured boy wanted to cry out, but the smoke and heat closed his mouth. He thought that his last hour had come.

Then all at once there came to his nose a smell like that of newly roasted coffee. King Canaster also seemed to notice the smell, for he let fall the hand which held the pipe-stopper and turned his face in the direction from which the smell came.

"My enemy, the fairy Mocha!" he muttered furiously.

A bluish-white cloud, which spread the scent, drew near and on the cloud there sat a beautiful woman dressed in black, with gentle eyes. In her hand she carried a large silver coffee spoon.

"Stop!" cried the good fairy. "Stop, cruel King Canaster! Your victim is under my protection."

She touched the king's arm with the silver spoon. The clenched hand, which had held the boy's hair, opened, and head over heels the boy tumbled down the dizzy depth, so that his senses left him.

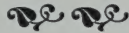
He struck hard when he came down and that brought him again to his senses. Thanks to a lucky chance, he fell down in the same place from which he had flown up with the fairy Nicotiana. When he looked about him, he found himself under the table at which he had sat drinking and smoking a quarter of an hour before, and near him on the ground lay the pipe, broken in

pieces. He crawled out from under the table and stood up. Arms and legs were unbroken, but the poor lad felt miserable beyond description. With difficulty he dragged himself to the nearest tree and leaned his forehead, which was covered with cold sweat, against its trunk.

But in the doorway of the forest inn appeared the stout landlady, carrying a smoking cup in her hand.

"Here, young man," said she charitably, "I have boiled a cup of black coffee for you. I anticipated that the affair would have just such an end."

Gently laughing, she forced the soothing black drink between the pale lips of the penitent sinner.



A Midnight Visit to the Haunted House

IT was a beautiful summer evening about the last of August as ten of our camping party were gathered about our camp fire on the beach. In the sand beneath the fire potatoes were roasting and two of the girls were toasting marshmallows. The soft summer wind stirred the leaves of the trees lightly and the water of the beautiful Lake Winnetoesaukee was swished and lashed in tiny waves upon the beach at our feet. Our party consisted of Harold, Ned, Roy, and George, Mary, Verna, Beatrice, and Maude, Harold's Uncle James, and myself.

During our vacation we had boated and climbed mountain slopes, and were now trying to plan another pleasure trip.

"Wouldn't it just be fun to climb that mountain over there in the moonlight?" said Ned.

"It would be great fun," said Roy; "why can't we go to-night?"

"Let's! And visit that 'Abandoned Farm' and 'The Haunted House,'" said George eagerly, for he was always ready whenever any fun was on foot.

"After the moon has risen it will be as light as day," said Harold's Uncle James.

And so with the exclamations of "Such a lark!" from us girls, it was planned that after the moon had risen we would row across the lake and climb the mountain slope. Harold's Uncle James and Maude, his aunt, were to go with us. But Roy and Verna, who had been there a day or two before, decided to row up lake instead and visit some friends, who they knew were camping about a mile farther up.

It was now only about half-past nine, and so we settled ourselves to listen to a story until it was time to start. For as our site was surrounded on all sides by high mountains, it would be about half-past ten before the moon would

rise over their tops. The old "Abandoned Farm," so called because no one had lived there for some time, stood on a high slope across the lake. It was the only house on all the slope and now tradition and village gossip declared that it was haunted. Thus the name "Haunted House" was linked with the "Abandoned Farm."

At half-past ten we started—eight in all. We rowed across the lake in our big red boat and reached the other side just as the moon rose wholly in view. The "cascade" leaped and dashed over the rocks in the moonlight. A single footpath led up the hill beside it, and was so steep and slippery, because of its lining and soft carpet of pine needles, that it was all we could do to reach the top. At last, by catching hold of the trees and clutching at the projecting rocks, we reached the top of the steepest part.

Here we crossed a small wooden bridge and struggled through a barb-wire fence. Then we crossed a field of deep clover, with a creepy feeling of snakes and toads to add to our pleasure. Our next attempt was to climb a stone wall, but no sooner were we over that than a pair of bars confronted us. Over these we had a clear path, but we had only gone a little way, when suddenly a huge, dark figure jumped from the ground. We all screamed and began to run, but soon found that it was only a large ox; for both cows and oxen were sent from Maine every summer to pasture here.

Without further adventure we reached the old house. The moon now shone as brightly as day, and in its solitude and forsaken loneliness the old home, high, large, and broad, had a look of awe and dread to us. Over the whole of the front roses clambered, and woodbine and grapevines hid the windows at the back. Three large barns stood in the moonlight at the rear. On one side was an old well, where hung an old oaken bucket, whose chain squeaked and rattled as we drew it up.

As we had agreed to visit the house from cellar to the very top, we were now ready to enter. But who was to go in first?

"You boys and girls go in, and your aunt and I'll wait here for you," said Harold's uncle.

After some work we managed to raise one of the windows, and by struggling and climbing, we got within that dark house.

"Up to the attic first," said George.

"Come on girls! You are not afraid so soon, are you?" asked Harold and Ned.

As for Mary, Beatrice and myself, we followed bravely, although we felt at every turn we took that we should find a ghost or some dreadful figure in the corners. Our footsteps echoed through the house, and the narrow stairs creaked horribly as we climbed them.

At last we were in the large attic. Through the windows the moon cast its soft silvery beams across the rude boards. In the silent, dim light everything was weird and still.

Suddenly a bell rang out clearly on the night air. It was the village clock, striking the midnight hour. Twelve o'clock! The hour when the ghosts walked abroad! We all stood still, hardly daring to breathe.

Hark! What was that? A soft, rustling noise came from the other end of the garret. Then across the shadows a soft, silent figure glided, making its way to the large chest at the other end of the attic. Then another! It was the master and mistress of the house, who had returned to visit their old home which in bygone days they had inhabited. Leaning over the chest they began to take up the clothing. The mistress tied a dainty Puritan hood over her silvery gray hair, and folded an old kerchief, yellow with age, over her shoulders.

Then she glided silently by us and noiselessly took her place at the spinning wheel. Next the soft whirr was heard as she turned the wheel. Oh, how like those Puritan maids she was! How at home she was in her old home!

Oh! how we held our very breath, and even the boys were silent and trembling with fear.

Thus she sat for a short time, but it seemed eternity to us, quaking with terror. Then noiselessly she rose. A soft noise came from the other end of the room, and she and the master bent over a small, hooded cradle. Silently they rocked it to and fro. When all was peaceful and still, they rose and flitted past us again.

On one side of the room was an old settle, which had a deep seat with a high back and arms. To this they silently glided, like a vision, and took their places.

But suddenly the crowing of a rooster broke the stillness. They silently rose and sped away and our vision was lost. Again chanticleer crowed and we turned to go. Oh, how afraid we were! We hastened down the narrow garret stairs as fast as we could. It is needless to say we did not explore the haunted apartments further. When we reached the window

we were so weak that we could hardly stand. But when we heard the voice of Harold's uncle we were brought back to our own generation.

"I thought you intended to spend the whole night there, and was just coming after you," he said.

We hurried home and hardly spoke all the way. There we waited until Roy and Verna returned, although we expected to see them there when we arrived.

When we related our adventure to them they laughed at us, as the others had done, and told us that it was only what should be expected if we went into haunted houses at midnight. We were obliged to contend with much teasing about our adventure, and it was only when we were on our homeward journey and the old house faded from view, that Roy and Verna confessed that they had been our ghosts on our visit to the "Haunted House."

ESTHER C. JOHNSON, '06.



Pranks of the Dozen

"**F**ORTY lines of Virgil, fifty lines of Homer's Il-i-ad, fifteen examples in algebra, a five-page original English composition." "Original nothing," fairly howled his chum; "don't you know that it is the night for the 'Dozen' to meet?" This seemed to settle it. Books went in all directions; Homer into the coal hod and Virgil into the waste basket, while the algebra went spinning across the room. The two speakers were chums in a boarding school in a small New Hampshire town. They were best known by their nick names, The Eel and Shorty. The Eel had an ability for wriggling out of tight places, while Shorty was seven feet tall.

Promptly at the hour of eleven they crept out of the window like footpads, and after a brief climb down a lightning rod, reached the ground in safety. Half an hour's brisk walk brought them to a small shanty in the outskirts of the town. A peculiar sound, and they were at once admitted. There were ten other boys of about the same age in the room, who immediately came to a sort of order.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "can any of you tell me what day this is? Well, it's our anniversary, and we're going to celebrate by catching a freshman. Mr. Jones and Mr. White, will you go and get him—anyone except Shin; he takes boxing lessons."

Robert Wells had glanced over his morrow's lessons and retired. He was not altogether happy, for the thoughts of home still crowded on his mind, and made him roll and toss. Outside the shade maple, devoid of its leaves, cast dancing shadows on the wall. The hands of the clock pointed at one. Slowly the window opened, and two figures clad in white entered the room. Wells was rudely wakened by this command: "Sir happy mortal, thou art summoned to the Court of Justice. Arise and meet thy fate."

The shameless rascals, producing a handkerchief, blindfolded him. Evidently his pajamas were all the clothes necessary, for he was unceremoniously hustled to the hall of justice.

"Miserable man," said one of the boys, "thou art doomed to a period of torment. Thou must write the English compositions for the crowd."

Paper and ink were furnished Wells, who was instructed to write. When the first pale rays of dawn lighted up the eastern horizon he was marched back to his room.

"The compositions of the sophomore class were very good, but I should like to speak to the young gentlemen alone at the close of the period," said the English teacher next day. "Gentlemen, although your compositions are very good, there is a strong likeness in all of them; in fact, they might have been written by one person. How may I account for it?"

For a moment consternation ruled, then The Eel stood up. "It is because of mental science," said he. "We all agreed to sit down at the same time and write our compositions. Then the same thoughts would come to all of us. Unfortunately we did not have time to compare notes."

"Ahem," muttered the professor, looking over the edge of his desk, "nice little story, gentlemen, but the next time you play pranks on the freshmen don't carry away the new professor of mathematics."

This was almost a death blow to the "Dozen." They never rallied during the junior year, but about midyear of the senior year they got even with the faculty. Each took a solemn vow to do something on his own hook to pay the debt.

One morning there was no chalk; another morning there were no text-books, and so on. But space compels us to pass on to the pranks of Shorty and The Eel. Notes were passed around the class one morning by Shorty warning everyone that there was something going to happen.

The stairs from the lower floor to the laboratory had no winding, but on the second floor there was a landing some five feet wide. The professor was starting in his chemistry class when he heard the joyous noise of a revolver in the lower hall. He dropped his book, and in a bound was at the head of the stairs. Something happened. The professor was hitting about every third stair with the small of his back,—whick-wack, thumpety-thump, slam, and two hundred pounds of human flesh struck the floor with a heavy thud. Slowly the professor turned his head around. The stillness was that of death, but as his eyes rested upon the slush there faintly rose a word which, floating on its wings up to the laboratory, made someone start. Shorty was avenged.

It was the last day of school. People had been invited to come in and ask questions. The hours of torture were nearly through. On the platform sat the five professors with their solemn faces. At last the principal started to rise. His chair came with him. Gingerly he pulled at it, but it stuck fast. One of the other professors rose to help him, but found himself in the same fix. The faculty, with flushed faces, beat a hurried retreat to the dressing room, while The Eel murmured in a voice that was very audible, "shoemaker's wax."

WILLIAM A. TRAIN, '04.

Bargain Day

PART I

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MRS. MORGAN: "John, has the Sunday paper come yet?"

MR. MORGAN: "Yes, Mary, it's on the table."

Mrs. M. discovers the desired article, seats herself in the big armchair and begins to scan the advertisements to discover, if possible, a bargain. Suddenly her eye lights on this: "Beautiful open-work stockings, in all colors, including red, pink, green, etc. ONLY 19 1-2 cents."

"Well, that *is* a bargain. I must surely get a few pair. They will make *such* a hit. Now I must go early to get them before they are all gone. John, got ten dollars? I'm going in town to-morrow to buy some things."

"No, Mary, I've got just enough to take me to work."

"Well, never mind, I'll borrow it from Mrs. Johnson and we can pay her next week."

PART II

MONDAY MORNING

"Good-by, dear, I'm off. I'll be home in

time to see about supper." Goodness, what a crowd! I do hope those stockings are not all gone. I'm so glad. Four pairs, please. Two of the red and one of the pink and green. There, I've got them, but I was lucky. There were so many buying them."

"Pardon me. May I assist you over this crossing? It is very muddy and there are a great many teams passing."

"There, thank you ever so much. I feel sure I would have been knocked down but for you. (To herself.) I wonder what John will say when he hears about that? I'll tell him just to tease him. Here's my car."

PART III

MONDAY EVENING

MRS. M.: "Dear, dear, there are big tears in three of the pairs and they are damaged goods."

MR. M.: "Well, they said that they *were* open-work stockings—that's the way most of your bargains end, anyway."

FRANK W. ZIRNGIEBEL, '05.



My Double

OUTSIDE it was bitterly cold. Within my cozy little den there glowed a cheerful fire, but I shivered as I sat by the window and gazed down upon the cheerless street and the occasional passerby hurrying along in the frosty air. My friend Jack sat at a small oak table, buried in a pile of books, as all college boys are or ought to be.

Down the street came sailing the figure of a young girl. As she drew nearer something

about her seemed familiar to me, and I carefully noted every detail about her, with the vague feeling that somewhere I had seen her before. Just then she glanced up at my window and I saw her face distinctly.

I gave a start, and the books in my lap slid with a dull thud to the floor. Jack, so suddenly roused from his all engrossing physics, which I despised, looked up, as if suddenly awakened from a dream.

"By Jove! What's the matter? Did you

see a mouse?" he finally asked, bending his dark head toward me with a mischievous twinkle in his deep brown eyes.

A steely glare silenced him. "A mouse indeed! Just like a boy," I thought, half provoked at his well aimed remark.

Then I jumped up, hurried into my outside garments, and with the brief announcement, "I'm going out," rushed down into the street.

I set out in hot pursuit of my double, for such she really appeared to be. Figure, face, clothes and all seemed identical with mine. I was determined to know more of her and rushed along.

On and on she went—I after her, now and then stumbling on the glassy pavement. I fell. I was up again, and rushed on. We were nearing the busy part of the city. I feared that I might lose her and broke into a run. When lo! a heavy hand came down like a ton's weight upon my shoulder. I came to a sudden standstill, for the moment dazed. Then a cold chill trickled through me, for there at my side stood a big, burly policeman.

"Not so fast, young woman. Guess you'd better come with me," he said roughly, and hurried me on in the direction of the police station. I was fairly trembling with suppressed anger, and tears of indignation blinded my eyes.

In vain I protested. It was of no avail. He was as unmoved as a stone image, and said curtly: "Never mind about it now. We'll give yer a chance to talk later on. Yer can't fool me. I'm up to all your little games. I've seen people like you before."

So saying he put me into a cell, "to wait until called for." As the heavy, iron door swung to behind me and the key clicked dismally in the lock, a dreadful feeling of oppression came over me. Alas! too late did I realize the folly of allowing my curiosity to get the better of me. It was all so different from the way I had been accustomed to act. My double must be a thief or a pickpocket, and I must bear dis-

grace for her sake. I thought of Jack, and smiled a bit woefully as I pictured how he would look when he knew all. What could he have thought of my hasty departure? How dumb-founded he had looked when I so abruptly took my leave with apparently no reason for it. A thousand and one things ran rapidly through my brain. It seemed as if my head would burst if I could not stop thinking.

It was like an age to me—in reality it was but half an hour—when the door of my cell was flung wide open and I was bidden to come out.

I went, glad to be out of that dismal box. There stood Jack—and my double. I gave a little cry of joy and ran to him.

"There," he was saying to the police, "you see for yourself how much they look alike, and it is quite possible that the old lady made a mistake."

But the man's eyes were fixed on the girl. For a moment he reflected. Then he said: "Wasn't you here about—three months ago?"

The girl frowned darkly and her blue eyes flashed ominously. I started. Our eyes were certainly not alike.

"No," she said doggedly.

"Guess you'd better stop awhile anyway," he said, laying his big hand upon her shoulder with an air of possession. "I remember you pretty well, and my memory ain't failin' me just yet."

Then, with a grim smile of satisfaction, he turned to me and drawled, "Guess you can go. I made a mistake this time sure, but the best of us make 'em, you know."

Jack and I walked home in silence, and as we stood before the cheerful little blaze in the deepening dusk, I said softly, "What made you come to the rescue, Jack?"

"Oh, well, I thought you might need a little looking after. Girls usually do," he said playfully.

But my answer was lost and silence once more ensued.

How Sam Won the Heifer

“**N**O, sir, I shan’t sell that heifer! You kin bargain all day and clear through the night, but you won’t get it by a long shot. Here I’ve raised yonder beast for a special purpose and I’ll be split if I give ’im to you. See that glossy hide and that long tail? Well, that’s a sign that shows her to be the best heifer for miles around. So get about your business and don’t come around here again with any story about a hundred dollars, ’cause you won’t get that cow for a thousand.”

The irate old gentleman stalked off towards the barn with a backward glance in which anger, disgust and pride were mingled. What cared he for the young man who threw himself down on the turf with an angry, sullen gleam in his eyes? As the old man disappeared within the barn, Sam muttered savagely: “I’ll have her just the same if I break my neck in the attempt. Queer the old gent loves Hetty so well and yet won’t let her have the heifer, and I can’t win Hetty without it, for she said so, and stamped her foot, too. Women are funny creatures. They can’t take a fellow’s love without having so many proofs of it. ’Twasn’t enough when I got her the pony, now she must have that cow.”

He dug his heels into the soft ground, and with a last look at the heifer moved slowly off in the direction of the town. His head was bent and as he walked along he pulled savagely at his short curls. At last, turning a corner, he was lost from sight at the farm. As he disappeared, a young girl pushed her way through the yew hedge that shut off the pasture on the south side, and after straightening her frock walked to the barn and sat on the steps.

“Oh, women are funny, are they, Sam Low?” she murmured. “Well, we’ll see if they are. I heard every word you and Uncle Peter said,

and also what you said to yourself. Didn’t think I was so near, did you? Well, you’ve got to get the heifer now. I was just about to tell you that I’d get along without it, but I’ve changed my mind during the last few minutes. I’ve discovered that I *must* have that heifer.”

So saying, she too walked off towards the town. But instead of assuming a dejected air, she held her head proudly aloft and tripped along merrily and happily.

After the young people had gone Peter Skyaft slid down from the hayloft with wonderful agility for so old a man and made his way to the house. His anger at Sam’s “impudence” had not cooled off, and as he entered the house he said to his wife: “Linda, what do you suppose brought young Low over here this morning? Don’t know? Well, that young—young—er—toadstool wanted to buy my heifer, the little brown one with the long tail ’at won the prize at the cattle show. Said he’d got to have it, couldn’t get along nohow without it and had the ‘impudence’ to call me a hard, stingy, old man; me, me that’s helped his father out o’ many a hard place!”

But here his wife interrupted him by saying: “Hush, Peter, don’t get worked up now or you’ll git a stroke o’ ‘plexy’ like old Jones down the corner. Young folks is always making mistakes, and perhaps the young man really wanted the heifer and got angry at it ’cause you wouldn’t sell it. Least way, don’t you get excited, but come eat your dinner, and stop pullin’ your whiskers.”

About a week after this conversation a stir was created in the village by the theft of seven young cows from one of the farmers in Berryville—a village near the town in which Mr. Peter Skyaft lived. The excitement increased when three more cows were stolen from Mr.

Low, Sam's father, who lived on a farm adjoining Mr. Skyaft's.

Determined bodies of men scoured the woods of the neighborhood, and for miles around men were stationed to capture the cattle thieves. But it was in vain, for cattle thieves are wily fellows, and these men did not fancy losing their skins, so they started away from the town. The woods and mountains afforded excellent hiding places, and there they were safe.

Still the cattle disappeared, and the angry citizens finally called a town meeting. Mr. Low proposed the plan of sending out one troop of horsemen into the mountains and another to the woods. This advice was adopted, and then the judge called for volunteers. Many men hesitated, for the "cow punchers" were a desperate lot, and would not hesitate to take a human life to gain their ends.

Sam Low, however, boldly stepped forward and offered to take command of the mountain expedition. His offer was gratefully accepted, and a group of fifty horsemen was soon gathered for the attack on the outlaws. These were told to meet at the outskirts of the woods at sunrise the next morning.

The citizens departed, confident that the next day should see the capture of the cattle thieves. But their confidence vanished in the morning, for news had come from Peter Skyaft that his herd of young and valuable heifers, including the prize winner, had been taken by the thieves. His hired man had heard from a hunter that fifty herd of cattle had been seen crossing the ridge of Mt. Abner, led by one hundred men. From the description given the citizens judged these to be the thieves.

The townsmen did not despair, however, but gathered fifty more men, and appointed twenty-five for each expedition. Then Sam and his men struck out through the woods for the mountains. When they reached Mt. Abner they found the trail of the outlaws. They fol-

lowed this for about an hour, and then Sam discovered that the robbers were but two miles ahead.

Separating his men, he sent one division to the left and another to the right. At the sound of a bugle both were to close in and surround the robbers. Sam himself led the right division. When within a quarter of a mile from the robbers he blew his bugle and the men closed in, completely surrounding the thieves. But their victory was not an easy one, for the robbers, with the fury of demons, opened fire upon their pursuers and stampeded the cattle. Sam's courage kept his men from fleeing. Riding into the thick of the fight he fired to right and left. His horse was shot under him, his hat looked like a sieve because of numerous bullet holes which it contained, and his arm was smarting from the pain of a shot from the robber chief's Winchester.

The fight lasted an hour, but at the end of that time all the robbers were killed or captured except the chief. Seeing that he, too, must be overcome, he avoided the horsemen and fled. Sam, although suffering with pain, had jumped on a wounded comrade's horse, which was far from fresh, yet he urged it on again and again. Once again, urging on his fast-dying horse, he caught up with the robber. Jumping to the ground, Sam felt for his revolver. It was gone. In his gallop through the woods it had slipped from his belt. When the robber chief saw Sam's discomfiture he raised his Winchester and cried, mockingly: "Ha ha, lost your shooting iron? Well, Jim Comiski ain't lost his'n. Don't trifle, but rake out all yer gold. Hands up!"

Sam's hands went up, but not in the way the robber expected, for one hit him on the nose, and the other knocked his revolver into the bushes. Then Comiski was thrown to the ground, and Sam felt for his throat. The chief, however, was thoroughly cowed, for with

a despairing gesture he muttered, "I'll give in; don't choke me."

An hour later Sam reached the town with his captive. Shouts of joy reached him when his men discovered that he was safe and sound. Dark scowls were given the robber, for in those days no punishment was too severe for a cattle thief. Sam, however, paid no attention to the cheers of the crowd, for his eyes were fastened on a pink sunbonnet, which bobbed up and down on the outskirts of the crowd. Hastily making his way to its owner, he drew her to the yew hedge. But someone was there before them.

"Guess you kin have the heifer, Sam," said Mr. Peter Skyaft. "Don't know but what you

kin have it 'long with Hetty. You done bravely to-day, and I'm not the man to ignore it. Take the heifer, and welcome, too; and as to that matter you spoke to me 'bout last summer, well, I guess Hetty couldn't have no better husband. I gin you both my blessin', and if Hetty's willin', I'd like yer to come in an' tell Linda."

Sam looked at Hetty and said, "Shall we, Hetty?"

Then Hetty murmured, "Women are such funny creatures; they can't take a fellow's love without having so many proofs of it that—I guess I will go in, Sammie."

IDA G. BUCKLEY, '07.



How the Joke Worked

JAMES BROWN, a boy in our school, was a practical joker. He was quite a stout fellow, with a pleasant, smiling face and very red hair. On account of this fact the boys nicknamed him "Reddy." The principal of our school was very near-sighted and with his glasses off he could hardly see. Many are the tricks the boys used to play on him. They would take his glasses from the desk, then they could do almost anything with him.

One afternoon Reddy went down the street to see a boy who owned a parrot. He asked the boy if he would let him take it to school the following day. In a few minutes Reddy came out of the house with the parrot in his arms.

The next morning was dark and rainy, which was just what Reddy wanted, for it would be dark in the schoolroom and the principal couldn't see so well. Reddy arrived at school with the parrot, before anybody else and let it go into the

schoolroom. After flying around the room two or three times it lit on the top of the clock and after a little while went to sleep.

The principal came at the usual hour, but as the room was quite dark, he didn't notice the parrot. All of us, however, saw it before we had been in the room a minute.

The first hour was a study period and everything was quiet, except for the subdued laughter which was going around the room. All went well until one of the boys named Benton looked at the parrot just as it awoke. It presented such a comical appearance that Benton burst out into a fit of laughter.

Instantly the principal was up out of his seat. "Mr. Benton, what are you laughing at?" he said.

"Nothing, sir," answered Benton, with another uncontrollable chuckle.

"Half an hour down in my office after school to think it over," replied the principal gently;

"and if I hear any more I'll double the time."

The parrot viewed this interruption with interest and, stretching his leg, he ruffled his feathers and yawned. Then looking around he gave the exact imitation of some one pulling a stopper out of a bottle. This brought the teacher to his feet again.

"The boy who has the bottle, please bring it to the desk," he said sternly, while a smothered laugh was heard at this command, followed by a hush.

For a second there was deep silence. Then the parrot, cunningly cocking its head sideways, said, "Who killed Cock Robin?" in a clear, hollow voice.

An explosion of laughter followed this remark, and the principal calling on one of the boys said, "Is it you who is making all this disturbance?"

"No, sir, it is the parrot on the top of the clock."

"Goodness!" said the principal, "it must be caught."

"Perhaps if I threw my book up there, it might come down," said Reddy, solemnly.

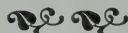
"Try it, Mr. Brown, and the other boys be ready to catch it when it flies."

But this was an unfortunate command, for Reddy's Latin grammar struck the face of the clock, breaking the glass, while the parrot flew over onto a bookshelf. He was followed by the boys. Two climbed up and dislodged the parrot, at the same time bringing down a number of old and dusty copy books. The parrot then flew down to Reddy's desk and screamed, "Change here for Worcester," "Who killed Cock Robin," and "The stormy winds did blow."

Reddy carried it to the principal and told him that he knew to whom it belonged and that he would take it home.

Of course no one knew how the parrot got into the school, so the matter was dropped.

HAZEL CARPENTER, '07.



Department Editors.—Anne H. Crossman, '04; Mary Bell McDowell, '05; Gladys Pond, '06; Oscar H. Berthold, '07.

Miss S. (Elementary Physics): "Who has a watch with a second hand?"

Mr. S., '06: "A secondhand watch?"

Miss T., '05 (translating): "The bird sang deliciously."

Mr. L.: "Job had patience, but he never taught Latin II; if he had he would have lost his reputation."

Mr. C., '06 (translating): "The horsemen were sent forward to the rear."

Miss S.: "What is a biennial plant?"

Miss P., '06: "One that blossoms once every two hundred years."

Mr. T., '04, thinks that he could have polished up Xenophon's writings if he had lived 2,500 years ago. What a pity that he didn't!

Miss S.: "I wish that I had an animal's ear to show you."

Mr. L., '06: "Why don't you get a monkey's ear?"

Miss S.: "I wouldn't have to go far."

Miss C., '06 (translating): "The nightingale wagged its tail."

Senior: "There are cinders in my eyes."

Companion: "Why, where did they come from?"

S.: "The train is passing." (Mr. T. passes by.)

Miss A. (taking per cents).

Mr. C., '07: "Black—man, twenty per cent."

Miss S.: "The apple tree is a deliquescent."

Mr. L., '06: "Are apples little deliquescences?"

Miss W.: "Why are you late, Mr. C.?"

Mr. C., '05: "Because I couldn't get here any sooner."

Mr. A., '07 (speaking of Ivanhoe's victory): "Ivanhoe licked them."

Miss A.: "I don't understand that Greek."

Mr. L.: "M., were you late this morning?"

Mr. M., '06: "Yes, sir. I was in room C speaking to Miss S."

Mr. L.: "Do you know what to do on such occasions?"

Mr. M.: "Yes, sir. I suppose, stay half an hour after school."

Mr. L.: "Well, that isn't what I was going to say, but if you think that is the thing to do, you may do it."

Miss W.: "Mr. Train has lost his train of thought."

Miss S.: "Don't breathe the gas you are making if you can help it, because it is poisonous."

Mr. C., '05: "Will it die you?"

Mr. B., '04: "This is a bad place."

Miss S.: "Well, you are a bad boy."

Mr. B.: "Then this is a good place for me."

Miss A., '05: "With T as a center, and a radius of four miles, describe a circle."

Mr. T., '04, resides in Sleepy Hollow during English I. May he rest in peaceful repose.

Miss S.: "Do you know how to make a fire for cooking?"

Mr. L., '07: "Yes, put kerosene on it."

Mr. C., '05 (Geometry): "This proposition only is dismissible" (permissible).

Mr. S., '04: "*Corripio e strato corpus.*" "I snatched myself from my couch."

Freshman Grammar: "Can't you see they ain't comin'?"

Mr. T., '04: "To what room shall we go?"

Miss S.: "To (the) D, and stay there." (A suppressed laugh from pupil in front seat.)

Miss S.: "Evil be to him who evil thinks."

Mr. S., '04: "He dropped his head."

Examination paper: A physical change is a sprained ankle.

Miss S. (Physics I): "Can the pupil tell from his own observation which of the following substances is more or less dense than water: kerosene, butter, cheese, eggs, India rubber——"

Mr. C., '04 (anxious to recite): "Rubber!"

Mr. C., '06, must be interested in iron ore and fruit. Did you ever hear him tell of shangle nails, kittles, and limons?

Miss T., '05: "Quotations are not original, are they?"

Mr. Z., '05 (translating): "She made me a bow with her head."

Heard in Room B after school: "Say Miss —, Vergiss mein nicht."

Miss —: "Ja, ja."

Miss C., '05: "He ran towards the river on horseback."

Some sentences heard in the laboratory:—

"How long shall I let mine cook?"

"I had a lamp *once*."

"Someone has taken my stove."

"Who belongs to this flask?"

Miss Mc., '04: "A beam of joy shined on his sister's face."

Mr. T., '04 (translating): "He is a man of our village and the wife of Madeleine."

Mr. S.: "It used to was."

Mr. M., '06 (translating German): "The child feasted in sleep."

Mr. L., '06: "I can't spell this word, g-e-o-f-f-n-e-t."

Mr. L., '07: "There are no roaming Indians out West. They have all been put in the reservoirs" (reservation).

Mr. L. to Mr. S., '07 (time, 1.20): "What are you putting on your rubbers for? It isn't wet around there, is it?"

Miss W.: "Now we won't have any whispering in this examination; even if you want (to) a rubber you must raise your hand."

CLASS I

President, MAURICE L. BULLARD
Vice President, GEORGE W. SLANEY
Secretary and Treasurer, GRACE M. MALONEY

CLASS II

President, WILLIAM C. HUMBERSTONE
Vice President, R. EUGENE RAMSDELL
Secretary and Treasurer, MARY BELL McDOWELL

CLASS III

President, ESTHER C. JOHNSON
Vice President, RALPH G. ADAMS
Secretary and Treasurer, NATHANIEL WYETH

CLASS IV

President, HAROLD D. TOONE
Vice President, FRED H. E. ADAMS
Secretary, EDITH S. HEWETT
Treasurer, JAMES MALONEY

Class Quotations

"Let the world slide, let the world go;
If I can't pay, why I can owe." S. R. C.

"Happy thou art, as if every day
Thou hadst picked up a horseshoe." A. J. F.

"Of all the boys you ever met
There's none as fine as 'Ginny.'" M. L. B.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men." M. E. B.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus." W. A. T.

"Never elated while one man's oppressed,
Never dejected while another's blest." K. M.

"In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue
still." P. L. D.

"And look before you ere you leap,
For as you sow you're like to reap." G. M. M.

"Little things befit a little man." P. D. G. H.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
thorn." A. H. C.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder
grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew." G. W. S.

"When you dance I wish you
A wave of the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that." E. J. B.

"Her ways are winning and full of grace." I. L. F.

"Enjoy the present day, distrustful of to-
morrow." M. K. A.

"By virtue, not by words." E. M. J.

ELIZABETH MCNAMARA, '04.

Characteristics of the Class of 1904

COMPILED BY N. E. AKER, 1905

Name	Known as	Religious Preference	Disposition	Cast of Countenance
Margaret K. Alexander	Margaret	Congregationalist	Self-satisfied	Sunny
John J. Breagy	Johnnie	Catholic	Steady	Serious
Mary E. Brion	May	Catholic	Amiable	Smiling
Maurice L. Bullard	Ginny	Unitarian	Quick tempered	Jolly
Ellen J. Butler	Jenn	Episcopalian	Cheerful	Bewitching
S. Ray Cook	Rachel	Baptist	Lazy	Sleepy
Anne H. Crossman	Nan	Baptist	Conscientious	Depends on circumstances
Percy L. Dodge	Dodge (it)	Unitarian	Good on Sunday	Too good for this world
Alice J. Foster	Alice	Congregationalist	Modest	Calm
Inez L. Fox	Foxy	Methodist	Quiet	Serene
Peter D. G. Hamilton	Pete	Congregationalist	Business-like	Doubtful
Ethel M. Jameson	Ethel	Unitarian	Unassuming	Studious
Grace M. Maloney	Grace	Catholic	Independent	Fearless
Elizabeth McNamara	Lizzie	Catholic	Mild	Complacent
Katharine McKenzie	Kit	Congregationalist	Genial	Merry (out of school)
George L. Slaney	George	Episcopalian	Worldly	Stoical
William A. Train	Willie	Episcopalian	Always "kicking"	Learned

Characteristics of the Class of 1904—Concluded

Name	Favorite Employment	Common Expression	Future Occupation	Where they'll be next year
Margaret K. Alexander	Canoeing	"Such fun!"	Actress	Across the ocean
John J. Breagy	Don't know	"Why?"	Bookkeeper	Business College
Mary E. Brion	Enjoying herself	"Oh, fudge!"	Schoolmarm	Framingham Normal
Maurice L. Bullard	Working over machinery	"Oh, gracious!"	Mechanical engineer	Tech.
Ellen J. Butler	Having a good time	"Heavens!"	Professor	Framingham Normal
S. Ray Cook	Camping	"I just did that far!"	Farmer	Framingham ?
Anne H. Crossman	Watching people	"Why, certainly!"	Nobody knows	Lasell Seminary
Percy L. Dodge	Whistling	"That's just the same, only"	M.D.	Tufts
Alice J. Foster	Reading	"I don't see what you mean"	Teacher	Framingham Normal
Inez L. Fox	Nothing	"Oh, I see!"	Hard to tell	At home, perhaps
Peter D. G. Hamilton	Tending store ?	"Well"	?	Yale Scientific School
Ethel M. Jameson	Fancywork	"Oh, jimmies!"	Public reader	Wellesley ?
Grace M. Maloney	Keeping house	"Just you wait"	Journalist	At home
Elizabeth McNamara	Day dreaming	"Oh, dear!"	Farmer's wife	Dover
Katharine McKenzie	Picking berries	"Come on!"	Uncertain	Harvard
George L. Slaney	Studying Greek	"Say, fellows"	Principal of N. H. S.	Harvard
William A. Train	Working	"I don't see why"	Lawyer	

Reminiscences

Yesterday, as the close of day drew nigh,
I thought of everything so fair
That happened in the Needham High
When I was one of the Seniors there ;

Also that fresh bright day in September,
When we were enrolled on the list.
Is there anyone who does not remember
When we entered dear old High first ?

I keep in memory all my mates,
Who to me were as true as could be.
I remember all their jokes and traits,
While I think they numbered thirty.

Our numbers slowly diminished,
And in years that followed 'twas seen,
When our four years had finished,
That we graduated as seventeen.

First of these, I think of Bullard,
Our president for three years past,
Who served us well, need not be said,
Most faithfully until the last ;

Then Annie Crossman, never late for school ;
And Cook, who just forgot that rule ;
Miss Alexander, trying new knowledge to seek,
And George, "pegging away" at his Greek.

I can see them all, with my eyes half-closed.
The scene's so familiar, everybody knows.
I remember some people looking for news,
And Grace Maloney collecting class dues ;

Miss Jameson ever ready to lend a hand—
Hark ! Pairs of feet are going "to beat the
band"—
Hear Miss McKenzie, reciting French in class,
And watch Slaney attempting to tease each lass.

These blissful scenes of High School hours
Are with me yet, as my memory towers
To Dover, where Miss McNamara dwells,
And Breagy, too, as class history tells.

I think blithe Miss Foster's next on my list.
Not one of our gay seventeen must be missed.
Forget not Jenny Butler, jovial and tall,
Mr. Pete Hamilton, roguish and small.

I nearly forgot our charming Miss Fox,
And Dodge and Train, with all their talks ;
Our many teachers, kind and sincere,
Whom we still love as the end draws near.

We've had some good times, considering all,
Our dances at noon in Assembly Hall,
The football games in Washburn's field,
When all our foes were forced to yield.

There's the night of Ethel's party, too,
Fond memories are in order, 'tis true ;
But never fear, I'll not tell any caper,
For it might not look very well on paper.

Our class meetings, too, and how we "did it ;"
This class was full of argumentative spirit.
Everyone knew it and none would deny
How they would "go it" sometimes. Oh my !

Perhaps you may wish a word or two
Of our studies to hear, e'er I pursue,
For many a day with wisdom we've fought,
And trust our time's not spent for naught.

If Shakespeare hadn't lived, Oh say !
And Milton 'most wears one's heart away,
But "Molly and Hans" is just the thing
Scholars enjoy to translate and sing.

Each morning come the words loud and clear,
The same old story, sad and drear,
"Girls, have you learned your 'Wilhelm Tell' ?
Gracious ! there goes the second bell."

"A half hour at 1.30 in Room A,"
A voice of authority steps forth to say.
A solemn procession marches on
Instead of a mighty, jubilant throng.

Fond memories of the laboratory
Live with us always as in story.
Accidents have happened once or twice ;
We did not complain if some occurred thrice.

I recollect the day in Physics we felt gay,
The "breaking strength of wire" was on display.
That was an exciting time for the ladies,
Yes, that very day we were addressed as
"babies."

Remember the day we went out shooting,
Through the driving sleet and snow a-rooting.
We gathered crowds in the midst of confusion.
Perhaps they thought it was all delusion.

Our play proved, indeed, a grand success.
None yet has surpassed it, I must confess.
The rehearsals also had memorable facts,
Without counting the scenes between the acts.

We'll not forget those times very soon.
Even now we speak of it at noon.
When school affairs we call to mind,
We never leave an instance behind.

I suppose by now you wish I were through
Or else would speak of something new,
So I'll burden you no longer, don't fear,
But wish you happiness for many a year.

Now good-by, dear classmates, who near me
now sit.

No more need I say, for you know we're "just
it."

And may the Class of Nineteen Hundred and
Four

Be remembered in history forevermore.

MARY E. BRION, '04.



Department Editor, ELLEN J. BUTLER

This year's exchange column has been comparatively large. There are about thirty-four exchanges on our list, and we hope that those same schools which have remembered us this year will continue to do so in the future.

With pleasure we acknowledge the following:—

High School Beacon . . .	Chelsea High School
High School Life . . .	Melrose High School
Newton High School Review,	
	Newton High School
The Academy Journal . . .	Norwich, Conn.
The Imp	Brighton, Mass.
Legenda	New London, Conn.

The Tripod Saco, Me.
 The Red and Blue,
 Sachs' Institute, New York City
 The Bostonia Boston University
 Bulkeley News New London, Conn.
 The Nautilus Waterville, Me.
 The Advocate New Brunswick, N. J.
 The Oracle Malden, Mass.
 The Par Sem North Parsonsfield, Me.
 The Penn Charter Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.
 The Latin and High School Review,
 Cambridge, Mass.
 The High School Bulletin Dedham, Mass.
 The Latin School Register, Boston Latin School
 The College Signal Amherst, Mass.
 The Radiator Somerville, Mass.

A CHEERFUL REPLY

MR. HOPEFUL: "I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now. I've taken a house by the river."
 MISS GO-LIGHTLY: "Oh, I hope you'll drop in some day."—*Ex.*

A PARDONABLE MISTAKE

EFFIE: "Silly! Dolls don't eat anything!"
 BERTIE: "Don't, eh? Well, that old one of yours that I cut open was stuffed chock full of breakfast food."—*Ex.*
 TEACHER: "Tell me some of the birds that are now extinct."
 LITTLE BESSIE: "Dick."
 TEACHER: "Why, who is Dick?"
 LITTLE BESSIE: "Our canary. The cat extinct him."—*Ex.*

"I believe it's lucky to pick up a pin."

"How's dat?"

"Why, I'd been dead in luck if I'd a picked up de pin I left in teacher's chair terday afore she sit down."—*Ex.*

CHOLLY: "What did your father say when you told him my love was like a broad and impetuous river?"

EDITH: "He said, 'Dam it'!"

PAT'S ECONOMICAL HONEYMOON

MASTER (to servant, who has just entered his office): "Hello, Pat, what do you want?"
 "Plaze your honor, an' cud ye gi'e me a week's vacashun an' a five-poun' note?" "What for, Pat?" "Well, sur, to tell ye th' truth, I'm goin' on me honeymoon." "Honeymoon, Pat! But you are not married?" "No, yer honor, but bedad it's that same I'll be in a fortnight, and I'm thinkin' it'll be chayer to go on me honeymoon at wanst, fur, you see, there's only wan av us to pay for now, but afther I'm marrit there'll be two, bad luck to it!"—*An extract from an English paper.*

POLICEMAN (to pedestrian): "Stop where you are!"

PEDESTRIAN (frightened): "W—what's the matter?"

POLICEMAN: "It's all right now. I just wanted to see if you could talk. A deaf-and-dumb man escaped from the asylum last night, and I thought you might be the man."



...ALUMNI NOTES...

1868

Caroline E. Gay, Mrs. John Mills, Needham.

1871

Emma L. Hatch, Mrs. E. A Horton, California.

1875

Alice E. Mayo, Mrs. C. A. Hicks, Needham.
Isabel B. Mann, Mrs. A. M. Miller, Needham.
Isabel A. Kingsbury, teaching at the Avery
School, Highlandville.
Laura La Croix, Mrs. F. H. Tucker, Needham.

1878

Francis M. Kingsbury, principal of the Dwight
School, Central Avenue, Needham.
Roberta J. Hardie, grammar school, Boston,
Mass.
Ida S. Freeman, Mrs. Davis, Needham.

1880

Manton Maverick, lawyer, Chicago, Ill.
Julia F. Ford, Mrs. J. M. Folan, Norwood,
Mass.

1881

Lewis E. Morgan, physician, 1402 Beacon
Street, Brookline, Mass.
Elliot F. Upham, U. S. mail clerk, Lynn, Mass.
Emma L. Sutton, bookkeeper, Needham.
Cora J. Livingston, art teacher, Needham.

1882

Arthur Hanks, machinist, Boston, Mass.

1883

James T. Boyd, lumber business, Montana.
Rev. James F. Stanton, assistant pastor of St.
Catherine's Church, Norwood, Mass.

1884

Ida G. Buckley, Mrs. Michael Lowe, Wake-
field, Mass.

Charles H. Crowley, wholesale shoe dealer,
Boston, Mass.

Jessie M. Freeman, bookkeeper, Boston, Mass.
Mary E. Glancy, principal of the Harris School,
Greendale, Mass.

Florence E. Eaton, school teacher, Needham.

1885

Charles M. Eaton, principal of High School,
Weston, Mass.
Willia M. Leach, Mrs. F. H. Williams, Newton
Centre, Mass.

1886

John L. Twigg, local druggist.
Susan Boyd, stenographer, Boston, Mass.
Gertrude M. Burkett, Mrs. C. A. Woodbury,
Needham.
Florence E. Hathaway, Mrs. S. O. Fowle,
Needham.
Alice McIntosh, at home, Needham.
Mary A. Stanton, Mrs. John Dwyer, Cam-
bridge, Mass.

1887

Alice G. Cooms, school teacher, Waltham,
Mass.

1888

Juliana W. Bullard, Southern Pines, North
Carolina.
Maud Mercer, Mrs. H. J. Whittemore, Need-
ham.

1889

Alice E. Crowley, stenographer and bookkeeper
with Robert Treat Paine, Boston, Mass.
Wilbur Dewing, stenographer, New York, N. Y.
Pauline A. Russell, teacher of elocution, High-
landville, Mass.

1890

Nellie C. Burkett, bookkeeper for Adams Bros.,
Needham.
Helen Fuller, at home, Needham.

Henry H. Eaton, Needham.

Anna Kingsbury, genealogist, Boston, Mass.

Frederick W. Lester, Frederick Lester & Co.,
Dry Goods, New Bedford, Mass.

Florence Locke, at home, Needham.

1891

Aimee A. Jones, with Buckley Wells, Boston,
Mass.

Ernest E. Riley, landscape architect, California.

Albert H. Spence, pastor of West Somerville
Unitarian Church.

Esther Thorpe, stenographer, Highlandville,
Mass.

1892

Allston R. Bowers, bookkeeper with the George
E. Wye Knitting Co., of Needham.

Mabelle D. Fowler, Mrs. Burns, Jamaica Plain,
Mass.

Lewis E. Hart, machinist, Boston, Mass.

Ida R. Mills, Mrs. Harry Whetton, Highland-
ville, Mass.

Frank O. Woodruff, professor, Lincoln College,
Lincoln, Neb.

Emma E. Lester, Mrs. Eben Smith, Highland-
ville, Mass.

1893

Michael J. Collins, at home, Needham.

Mabel E. Gates, Mrs. A. R. Keesling, Logans-
port, Indiana.

Minnie M. Gorse, Highlandville, Mass.

Mabel McIntosh, stenographer, Boston, Mass.

Hermia A. Riley, at home, Needham.

William H. Stanton, druggist, Cambridgeport,
Mass.

Mary A. Tisdale, teacher in the Kimball School,
Needham.

1894

Emma A. Allen, stenographer, Boston, Mass.

Alice H. Eberhardt, principal of the Elliot
Shcool, Needham.

Eliza F. Fox, Mrs. Ragg, Pittsburg, Pa.

Nellie M. Gilfoil, stenographer for the Hope-
well R. R. Supply Co., Highlandville, Mass.

Lottie M. Morgan, Mrs. C. Measures, Need-
ham.

Emma N. Pond, at home, Needham.

1895

Lucie Carter, Mrs. Lee, Dover, N. H.

Florence T. Hutchinson, Mrs. Mathes, Chest-
nut St., Needham.

Frederick de Lesdernier, with the Health Food
Co., Boston, Mass.

Edith M. Lord, music teacher, Needham.

Joseph Stanton, physician, Cambridge, Mass.

Clarissa M. Sutton, Mrs. Frederick Lester, New
Bedford, Mass.

Carrie L. Whipple, milliner, Boston, Mass.

1896

John F. Gilfoil, with the Bay State Furniture
Co., Boston, Mass.

Ella M. Horrocks, at home, Highlandville,
Mass.

Charles B. Moseley, engaged with his father in
the knitting business at Highlandville,
Mass.

Winthrop Southworth, with The Plant Co.,
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Irving Southworth, with George C. Whitney
Co., Worcester, Mass.

Edith M. Willgoose, Mrs. E. Thorpe, High-
landville, Mass.

1897

Elizabeth A. Fitzgerald, bookkeeper for the
Singer Sewing Machine Co., of Boston,
Mass.

Bessie de Lesdernier, musician, Needham.

Alida E. Riley, stenographer, Roxbury, Mass.

Roy C. Southworth, with Wm. Filene & Son,
Boston, Mass.

Lewis C. Tuttle, Somerville, Mass.

1898

Isabelle P. Boyd, at home, Needham.

Florence E. Crossman, musician, Needham.

Adah G. Fuller, stenographer, Boston, Mass.

Amy de Lesdernier, stenographer, Boston, Mass.

Walter P. Pember, landscape architect, Newton
Centre, Mass.

Ethel Willett, teacher of domestic science.

1899

Lulu M. Bailey, Mrs. H. Mitchell, Needham.

Roscoe A. Carter is at Harvard.

Hannah R. Colburn, Mrs. H. Smith, Green-dale, Mass.

Thomas J. Falvey, traveling salesman.

Ella Tuttle is completing her senior year at Wellesley College.

Maud Wellington, at home, Needham.

Percy E. Wye will enter upon his sophomore year at Harvard next fall.

Clarence A. Rathbone is employed in the State National Bank, Boston, Mass.

Fred L. Carter, Jr., with Carter, Carter & Meigs, Boston, Mass.

Edith Florence Tucker is employed by the Wm. Butler Co., Boston, Mass.

Helen C. Peabody, Mrs. George Pond, Needham.

Elsie F. Wait, stenographer with Green & Co., South Market Street, Boston, Mass.

1900

Pauline F. Berthold, teacher, Barnard, Vt.

Lydia Higgins of Dover, Mass., is studying at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass.

Alpha Leonard finishes his course at Brown this spring.

Helen M. Stevens is a junior at Boston University.

Arthur Whetton, grocer, Highlandville, Mass.

Laura G. Willgoose will graduate from Radcliffe this June.

Gladys E. Wait, with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

1901

Elizabeth P. Bailey, compositor, Needham.

Mabel F. Baker, bookkeeper for the Wm. Carter Co., Highlandville, Mass.

Frank Abel Bean, at home, Dover, Mass.

Helen de Maurice Dunn will enter upon her senior year at Radcliffe in September.

Mary C. Falvey is taking a course at Comer's Commercial College.

Grace A. Kennedy is teaching at Warren Summit, N. H.

Henry S. Rodgers, with the Falls Rivet and Machine Co., Boston, Mass.

Una B. Southworth, at home, Needham.

Isabelle Stone is now a junior at Wellesley.

Annie E. Thatcher, at Berkeley College, San Francisco, Cal.

Winnifred Thorpe is at Tufts.

Janette I. Toone, in the office of the Wm. Carter Co.

Josephine B. Willett, Bridgewater Normal, Mass.

Lillian Florence Wye expects to enter Wellesley in the fall.

1902

Katherine Buckley, with the Lumber Trade Club, Boston, Mass.

Katherine G. Coppinger is a sophomore at Boston University, while her sister, Sarah E., is a sophomore at the School for Physicians and Surgeons in Boston, Mass.

The engagement of Amy G. Hewett and Walter P. Pember, of 1898, has been announced.

Margaret L. Mitchell, at home, Needham.

Frank C. Peabody, traveling salesman, Boston, Mass.

Frank M. Rathbone is studying for the ministry at Trinity.

Henry L. Shine is with the N. Y., N. H. & Hartford Railroad Co.

Oscar H. Starkweather began his work as a student at Technology last September.

Henry F. Walradt is now a Yale man.

William Willett, bank clerk, Boston, Mass.

Gertrude S. Stiles, with Thomas Meehan, attorney, Boston, Mass.

1903

Beulah M. Atkins, at home, Roxbury, Mass.

Florence L. Flewelling and Mary G. Moseley have been freshmen at Wellesley College during the past year.

Laura A. Hart has been taking a post graduate course at the High School, preparing to take examinations for Framingham Normal.

William J. Gilfoil, druggist, Needham.

Daniel H. Reamy, with the Orient Tea Co., Waltham, Mass.

Philip B. Walker has entered the Institute of Technology.

Frederic W. Donahue is employed by the Boston & Philadelphia Steamship Co. of Boston, Mass.



Woodworth Bros.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS

Is the best place to get

BICYCLES, BICYCLE TIRES

Bicycle Repairing or anything
in the Bicycle Line :: :: ::

CHARLIE LOW TONG LAUNDRY

Work Neatly Done

Quick Service

HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

C. C. PATTEN, D.D.S.

16 ARLINGTON STREET

BOSTON, - - - - - MASS.

REFRIGERATORS, ICE CREAM FREEZERS AND OIL STOVES

CALL AND EXAMINE
OUR LINES :: :: ::

FISKE & CO.

Hardware Dealers

7 SOUTH AVENUE

NATICK, MASS.

COMPLIMENTS OF
DR. VESTA D. MILLER

GEORGE W. FRYE

Architect and Builder



SHOP AND RESIDENCE :

Corner GRANT ST. and DEDHAM AVE.

NEEDHAM, MASS.

CALL AND SEE ...

HEARN *The Tailor*

For Suits made to Order; also Dyeing, Cleaning,
Altering and Repairing Gent's Garments

F. D. FAZIO

Fruit, Tobacco and Cigars

HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

If you would that good would come to you,
be good.

If you would that good WOOD would come
to you

PHONE WALKUP

If you want the coaliest COAL for the coldest
cold

PHONE WALKUP

PURDY

Photographers to Needham High School

146 TREMONT STREET

BOSTON, MASS.

DISCOUNT CARDS MAY BE HAD FROM SECRETARY CLASS 1904

COMPLIMENTS OF

H. A. CROSSMAN

J. N. BRION

Mason and
Contractor

NEEDHAM. - - - - MASS.

COMPLIMENTS OF

DR. MANSFIELD

JOHN MARCHAND

HORSE SHOER AND
CARRIAGE IRONER

Particular attention paid to Shoeing Over-reaching
and Interfering Horses

HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

COMPLIMENTS OF

DR. MITCHELL

HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

LYNAS ===== *Hair Dresser*

GREAT PLAIN AVENUE

NEEDHAM, MASS.

DONATED BY

P. E. RILEY

WM. GORSE & CO.

Patentees and Manufacturers of

SEAMLESS HEEL ELASTIC STOCKINGS

HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

LESLIE W. HARRIS, D.M.D.

KINGSBURY BUILDING

Hours: 9 to 12 and 1 to 5

Zirngiebel's Conservatories

*CUT FLOWERS AND
FUNERAL DESIGNS*

A SPECIALTY

DENYS ZIRNGIEBEL, JR.

Corner Oak and Chestnut Streets

NEEDHAM

BUCKLEY BROS.

*PLUMBING
HEATING
VENTILATING*

NEEDHAM, MASS.

DENTISTRY

DR. F. E. WAINING

Office, Fowler's Block, opp. Common

NEEDHAM, MASS.

COMPLIMENTS OF

T. J. CROSSMAN

TRY THE

Needham Dairy Farm

AND HAVE YOUR
MILK SUPPLY

"Pure" and "Fresh" in fact,
as well as in name

H. HARRIS EATON

HARNESS, UMBRELLAS, BICYCLES
LOCKS AND KEYS REPAIRED

Old and New Bicycles Bought and Sold
Second Hand Harness Sold

ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY

J. H. QUINN

Pope's Block, - - Needham, Mass.

Cunard and White Star Lines

SAILING LISTS AND GENERAL
INFORMATION FURNISHED ON
APPLICATION :: :: :: ::

WHETTON'S AGENCY

HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

COMPLIMENTS OF

DR. KINGSBURY

TELEPHONES: 4117-3 MAIN

46-5 NEEDHAM

G. W. TISDALE & SON

*Auctioneers, Real Estate
and Insurance Brokers*

ROOM 524, OLD SOUTH BUILDING, BOSTON

G. W. TISDALE, Webster St., Needham
F. C. TISDALE, 28 Northern Ave., Dorchester

Needham Cash Market

MEATS, VEGETABLES, AND
FISH, BUTTER, CHEESE AND
EGGS, CANNED GOODS :::

Agent for CHASE & SANBORN'S
TEAS AND COFFEES

EDGAR H. BOWERS

Fire Insurance Agency

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS

RELIABLE MUTUAL and STOCK COMPANIES

Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer

OFFICE AT RESIDENCE

282 Great Plain Avenue NEEDHAM

Ladies' Corset Covers, Vests and Drawers
and Combination Suits
Men's Combination Suits

Adults' Bands

Infants' Shirts and Bands
Infants' and Ladies' Mittens
Infants' Leggin Drawers, etc

The William Carter Company

MANUFACTURERS

Highlandville, - - - - - Massachusetts

A. B. DRESSER

AGENT FOR DEDHAM STEAM LAUNDRY

*News Dealer
Boston Daily Papers*

F. P. MUNROE

Household Furnishings Repaired

GLUING AND CANING

HIGHLANDVILLE, - - - - - MASS.

HENRY THOMAS

Plumbing and Heating

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

J. CENTOLA

The Popular Fruit Store

KINGSBURY BLOCK, NEEDHAM

VIRGIL A. ROWE

Registered Pharmacist



Carter's Block HIGHLANDVILLE

OLIVER CRISP

DEALER IN

*Beef, Pork, Lard, Ham, Poultry
Oysters, Fruit, Vegetables
Canned Goods, etc. ...*

LOW'S BLOCK, HIGHLANDVILLE

COMPLIMENTS OF

J. W. COPPINGER

COMPLIMENTS OF

GEORGE E. WYE

JOSEPH WILLETT

*Coal, Wood
& Fertilizers*

Telephone 53-2 NEEDHAM

Compliments of

J. B. THORPE
Knit Goods

Donated by

E. W. HAYES

LOKER BROTHERS

*High Grade
Specialties*

Butter, Tea, Coffee, Lowest Prices

SOUTH MAIN STREET, NATICK

NEEDHAM MARKET

Choice Market Supplies

Choice Butter, fresh every Tuesday from the
Capitol Creamery, Montpelier, Vt.

THOMAS SUTTON

TELEPHONE 41-5

NEEDHAM

COMPLIMENTS OF
JUDGE GROVER

A. McKAY

Fancy Groceries

COR. HILLSIDE AVE. *and*
HUNNEWELL STREET ::

HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

PURE ICE

SUPPLIED YOU BY

Geo. C. McIntosh

NEEDHAM :: :: :: :: MASS.

ALGER E. EATON

TEAMING *and*
FURNITURE MOVING

WALTER A. WOOD MOWING MACHINES

RAKES AND TEDDERS

FOR SALE

GEORGE K. CLARKE

70 KILBY STREET :: BOSTON

RESIDENCE, NEEDHAM

JOHN F. BROOKS CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Infants' Fine Shirts

BANDS, MITTENS, Etc.

HIGHLANDVILLE :: :: :: MASS.

P. L. DODGE, M. D.

Union Doctor

HOURS, 8.30 TO 13.0

ROOM A

DONATED BY
EDWARD VAILE
THE HAIR-DRESSER

NEEDHAM NURSERY

Local Nursery Goods
Choicest Kinds

W. A. GATES, - Manager

Telephone 24-2

NEEDHAM

WALTHAM LAUNDRY

GEORGE TWIGG, Agent

Cheaper than you can do it at home

Plain List: Sheets, Pillow Slips, Towels, Table Cloths, Spreads and Napkins. The above specified will be taken at

25 Cents Per Dozen

allowing six large pieces to the dozen.

Telephone 46-2, NEEDHAM

The Highland Mill

ESTABLISHED 1880

MOSELEY & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF

**Fine Ribbed Underwear and
Knit Goods**


HIGHLANDVILLE, - - MASS.

JOHN J. MORGAN


..Pianos..

OF ALL MAKES SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES

FOR CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS

COMPLIMENTS OF 

D A V I D E. D O W

COMPLIMENTS OF 

E D W A R D E. B A B B & C O.

HAVE YOUR CATERING DONE BY

McCORMACK *the Baker*

Ice Cream and Bakery Supplies a Specialty



3 3017 00149 4413

COMPLIMENTS OF

ADAMS BROS.

BOURNE BLOCK, NEEDHAM

J. W. DOON & SON

Hay, Straw, Grain
Coal and Wood

NATICK - - - - MASS.

CARTER, CARTER & MEIGS


Importers and Wholesale Druggists, and

Dealers in Chemicals, Druggists' Sundries, etc. Special attention paid
to furnishing chemicals for High School and College Laboratories

20-38 Merrimac Street - BOSTON, MASS.

Frank Wood, Printer

Maker of Books, Magazines, Catalogues and
Advertising Literature of Every Description
with Office and Workshop 352 Washington St.
Boston, Massachusetts Telephone 273 Main

J. A. SULLIVAN  **PHARMACIST**

PUBLIC TELEPHONE STATION

KINGSBURY BLOCK :: :: :: NEEDHAM, MASS.

1500 Ladies' Shirt Waists, 25c. to \$6.98 each

800 Ladies' Shirt Waist Suits, \$1 to \$20 each

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF. MONEY
REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED :: :: :: ::

P. P. ADAMS

Big Dry Goods Department Store

133-135-137-139 Moody Street - - - WALTHAM

DOLAN, the Leading Druggist of Natick

Our Prescription Department is in charge of Registered Pharmacists, graduates of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. We can save you 25 per cent by leaving your Prescriptions here. We would remind you that we are still leading in up-to-date drinks at the Soda Fountain

OUR SPECIALTIES: Ice-Cream Soda, College Ices with Crushed Fruit

Many suitable articles for traveling and vacation to be found at our store

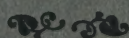
P. A. DOLAN, Ph.G., Pharmacist

15 CLARK'S BLOCK - - - - - NATICK, MASS.

Remember you will find the reliable up-to-date styles in
CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS AND HATS

AT

BEAL & HEALEY'S



Masonic Block, Natick